Falſt. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſt. Their points being broken,

Poines. Downe fell his hoſe.

Falſt. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Falſt. But as the diuell would haue it, three miſ-begotten knaues, in kendall greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, Hal, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horeſon obſcene greaſie tallow-catch.

Falſt. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the trueth the trueth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall greene, when it was ſo darke thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſayeſt thou to this?

Poines. Come, your reaſon, Iacke, your reaſon.

Falſt. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the rackes in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prince. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-backe-breaker, this huge hil of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elfskin, you dried neats-tongue, buls-pizzel, you ſtockefiſh: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you tailers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe compariſons, heare me ſpeake but this.

Poynes. Marke, Iacke.

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure, and bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe: then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a word,